

COURT WHISPERS:

OR, A

MAGAZINE of WIT.

A

SATYR

FOR THE

COUNTRY.

CONTAINING,

Kick for Kick.

The Review.

N—k House.

The Two Brothers.

The Three Sisters.

On the News of her—being
brought to Bed of a Daughter.

Sarah's Sucklings.

The Beautiful B—m. To the
C—s of B—th.

The Fasting Calendar. To Lady
V—ne.

The Bilboquette. To Lady M—
G—n.

The Pleasant Mistake.

Love and Devotion. To Miss
Sc—m—re.

Ill News after Marriage.

Verses by Miss E—ds on Lord

A—H—n's Marriage.

The Benefit of a Vulgar Educa-
tion.

The Candle. A Tale.

A very particular Acrostick.

A N D,

Love, In 4 Sapphic Odes. By
a young Nobleman.



L O N D O N:

Printed for W. WEBB, near *St. Paul's*. 1743.

[Price One Shilling.]

COURT W H I S T R Y

A. R. O.

W I T N E S S

A

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THE JOURNAL

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[This Declaration]
Printed by W. Wilson, near St. Paul's 1743.

THE INTRODUCTION.

DA N *Chaucer*, and the Wits of old,
Full many jovial Stories told,
Of Knights and Somners, Priests and
Friars

Who burnt in loose and wanton Fires ;
From them sweet *Prior* tunes his Strings,
And *Paulo* and *Hans Carvel* sings,
In sportive Tales, where Jests abound,
What Harm or Mischief can be found ?
Morals, which, doubtless, are of Use,
If always por'd on, Phlegm produce ;
But when gay Youths, o'er cheerful Bowls,
With Humour, recreate their Souls,
It purges all Life's Dregs away,
And quite refines our grosser Clay :
The Nymph whose Cheek with Vigour glows,
Who ne'er to frantic *Whitfield* goes,
Loves to be airy, gay and free,
Delights in Mirth and Repartee.
May Life enjoy and feel Content,
Be sportive, and yet innocent :
The sgrightly Joy, that warms her Heart,
Defends her from the Rover's Art ;

B

Whilst

Whilst the Enthusiast, wan and pale,
 Finds all her Strength and Colour fail;
 From her sunk Cheeks the Roses fly,
 And e'er she lives she seems to die;
 Wild Phantoms round her Brain do play,
 Her Reason and her Sense decay;
 That Minute seiz'd by some lewd Swain,
 She prays and struggles, but in vain;
 For he a pious Vizor wears,
 And tells her, Faith the Feast prepares,
 Love and Religion both inspire,
 And the lost Nymph grants his Desire.

A Tale, perhaps, may vindicate
 Th' Assertion, which we thus relate:

Two lovely Girls (who'd just attain'd
 The Age o'er which Love always reign'd,
 When heaving Breasts begin to swell,
 And all their warmer Wishes tell)
 A mutual Friendship entertain'd,
 What hurt the One, the Other pain'd.
 Playmates they from their Cradles were,
 Both witty, and well-shap'd, and fair;
 Be *Molly* this, that *Fanny* nam'd;
 Names known full well for Toasts much fam'd;
 Brisk *Fanny* first at ev'ry Ball,
 Each Beau wou'd for his Partner call;
 But she, like some calm rural Maid
 Rov'd thro' the Swarm quite undismay'd,
 Laugh'd at the gaudy flutt'ring Things,
 Admir'd their Buzz, but shunn'd their Strings,
 Whilst pensive *Molly* silent sat,
 Corroding Spleen her Bosom ate,

She

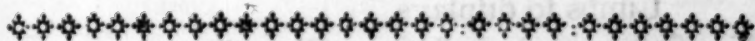
She yielded to a Train of Thought
 Which Grief and Melancholy brought ;
 Th' *Apostle errant*, that, in Fields,
 Says he the Sword of Heaven wields,
 Thunder'd D—mn—n in her Ears,
 And fill'd her Soul with mortal Fears :
 Young *Rakely*, who set up for Wit,
 A modern fashionable Cit,
 Who minded Tare and Tret no more
 Than Bullies do a cast-off Whore ;
 But at an Opera, or a Play,
 In perfect Rapture died away,
 Thought ev'ry Damsel must be kind
 Where he his fancied Joys design'd :
 And thus, secure of his Success,
 He first young *Fanny* doth address ;
 But she his Passion countermines,
 And baffles all his vain Designs ;
 Gives Smile for Smile, and plays her Part
 With such Dexterity of Art,
 That when he thought the Favour sure,
 And that she'd fly into his Lure,
 She dash'd all his Assurance down,
 And kill'd the Coxcomb with a Frown :
 At this, undaunted, he applies
 To *Molly*, who, despairing lies,
 Puts on the pious formal Saint,
 And of *new Birth* begins to cant,
 'Till 'mongst the silly cred'lous Herd
 The foremost Vor'ry he appear'd ;
 He'd pray so loud, so sigh and cry,
 That who his Visits cou'd deny ?

At ev'ry private Hour admitted,
 He her Apartment seldom quitted ;
 And once when warm with Extacy,
 Enthusiasm work'd her high,
 He sooth'd the Transports of her Soul,
 And all her Virgin Treasure stole.

The Tale, tho' true, this Moral bears,
 That Freedom heals the Mind it cheers,
 And Vice will sooner Saints beguile
 Than those who gaily sing and smile :
 The naked *Venus* may alarm ye,
 But thro' her flowing Robes must charm ye ;
 You blush when she's by *Titian* drawn,
 But gaze with Rapture thro' her Lawn,
 That may a well-stoll'n Glance delight,
 Which wou'd offend the open Sight ;
 And where the Drap'ry's loosely shown,
 The Fair without a Blush look on.



COURT WHISPERS.



KICK for KICK: or, The OLD SQUIRE and
his MISTRESS.

I.

WHO's e'er been at C—rt, the New C—fs
must know,

Who's first at the Levee and ev'ry new Show ;
Why she's first at the Levee, the Reason, 'tis said,
Is, because she's the last that forsakes the 'Squire's

II.

[Bed.

Where such Sports and Gambols, and Frolicks she
As the old *British* Lyon in Indolence lays, [plays,
A plain Country Wench can afford no Repast,
Foreign Fashions and Girls only suit the *new*

III.

[TASTE.

A brown Country Girl, tho' she loves the Delight,
Is much pleas'd with drawn Curtains and Dark-
ness and Night ;

But *French* Folks will tell you, that shewing
their A—s

Mends dull *English* Breeding, and gives ye new
Graces.

The

The *Germans*, who're most of the sandy Com-
Air the *Fore-part* each Day to keep off Infection;
So whether they tumble on this Side or t'other,
One secret Enchantment they're sure to discover.

V.

Hence the monstrous wide Hoop, which the
Limbs so displays,
Was first brought in Use, as Pimp *B* — *n* says ;
And, that, since their *Faces* no more cou'd invite,
They'd shew you their *Tails* to give you Delight.

VI.

Thus thought the good Lady, who, long Time,
in vain,
Had lighted a Passion that was in the Wane,
She found all her Charms cou'd no longer prevail,
But thought her Address and her Art cou'd not

VII.

[fail.

And *Fortune*, for this, a fair Opening gave —
The old 'Squire, one Night, some Frolicks would
So gave her a Fall by displacing her Chair, [have,
Which shew'd all her Beauties transparent and

VIII.

[clear.

As laughing she lay stretch'd at Length on the
Ground, [round ;
Her Posteriors prominent, plump, smooth and
In Extasy staring, the old Letcher swore
He ne'er had a Mark so to kick at before.

He

He lifted his Foot and apply'd to her Bum,
Little thinking the Mischief that thence was to
come ;

But as he sat down, she the Stool whip'd away,
And serv'd him the same, crying, 'tis but fair

X.

[Play.

But the Vengeance that follow'd, is hard to de-
clare ;

[Chair ;

For his Back was quite weaken'd, by missing the
So he cried, I will never more frolick with W—s,
And at that fatal Word, kick'd the Nymph out
of Doors.



The REVIEW.

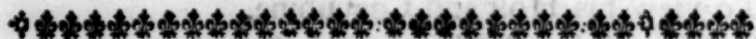
SERENE the Morn, the Season fine,
Great * * * advancing on the Plain
To view his Host and Concubine,
The goodly Blessings of his R—n.
The Trumpets sound, the Coursers bound,
The Field all blaz'd with Arms ;
His Trojans true, their Tacticks shew,
And *Helen* shews her Charms.
The Gods of War and Love, by Turns,
Preside upon his Phiz ;
One while you'd think for War he burns,
Another for his Mifs.
You'd think when he surveys his Men,
He'd waste the World for Fame,
And that he'd people it again
When he surveys his Dame. But

But all is Farce, and nothing more,
 This amorous martial Wight
Age won't allow t' Enjoy his W——,
 Nor Courage let him Fight.



To the LADIES who Attended on a late
 FUNERAL.

SLOW be your Pace, dejected be your Eyes,
 Loud let your customary Sighs arise;
 Awhile forget to dart the am'rous Glance,
 Be Sorrow painted on each Countenance:
 Wou'd you, with proper Grief, bemoan her Fate,
 Her gross Disimulation imitate.
 Nor hard the Task, let her Example sway,
 Fawn where you hate, be civil to betray;
 But no Devotion at her Tomb disclose,
 Nor let the Name of G—d her Ashes discompose.



~~N——K HOUSE.~~

~~**T**O N——k House Lords, Knights and
 'Squires repair
 To view that matchless Thing, *Great B—'s* Heir;
 It fawns, it grins, it rattles to the Crew,
 And whispers mighty Threats against Sir *Blew*;
 Then struts, and nods, and gives itself Applause,
 As if it meant to set by Truth and Laws.
 But Men of Sense the Idol Call despise,
 And know that ev'ry Word it speaks—it lies:
 Avert,~~

Avert, ye Gods! our C——y's future Smart,
Bad is its Head, but ten Times worse its Heart.



The TWO BROTHERS.

TWO hopeful Sons are sprung from —Loins,
And One in *Folly*, One in *Dulness* shines.
From *F—d—k's* Lips the R— Nonsense flows,
And Fools and Ladies catch it as it goes.
More solid *W—ll*, in *Beel* and *Pudding* deep,
Makes Love, and governs Navies in his Sleep :
But, oh ! when by inexorable Fate
Our M— Rots with C— the Great.
Say, *B—ns* say, whether shall be your Head,
The prattling Monkey, or the Lump of Lead.



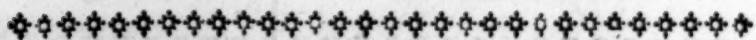
The THREE SISTERS.

THREE Nymphs, the Pride of *Britain's* Isle,
In various Charms excel ;
One kills ye with a *yielding Smile* ;
Her *Looks*, her *Passions* tell.
Her Hair a lovely shining *Brown*,
On *I lly Breasts* lies spread ;
Her charming Colour's all her own,
And shames all borrow'd Red.
The Second, with a Warmth of Blood,
Outvies the Rising Sun ;
A Gloss is on her Locks bestow'd,
That makes the Raven dun.

C

Tho'

Tho' from one Parent all arose,
 They various Tints unite ;
 The Third a *Virgin Lilly* shews,
 Or as the *Snow-Drop* white.
 When in the crouded *Mall* they walk,
 How all the Beau-Mond stare :
 Of nothing but *Ruelles* we talk ;
 Each wishes he was there.
 Sigh not, dear Youths, then long in vain!
 For Nature never gave
 Such Charms as theirs, without a Stain,
 The adoring World to save :
 For, purblind All, they have no Ward
 To save their weaken'd Eyes ;
 Nor better can the blind One guard,
 That's hid between their Th——s.



On the News of HER — being brought to
 Bed of a DAUGHTER.

A Pair was wedded once in Haste ;
 The strangest sure that e'er was join'd ;
 The Nymph was not quite over-chaste,
 Neither was He quite over-kind.
 In ev'ry Beauty She excell'd,
 As He did in all Uglinefs ;
 And Seers at first this Maxim held,
 That nought the Nuptial Bed cou'd bless :
 For, said the Learned, long debarr'd
 From Joys that youthful Girls shou'd know,
 The Pr——s thought the Embargo hard,
 And freed the clos'd-up Port below.

To save her Honour, yet comply
 With Nature's full-inspiring Tide,
 To manly Arms She cou'd not fly,
 But dumb and dang'rous Weapons try'd.
 Whence the prolifick Juice was lost,
 That shou'd in mutual Kindness meet:
 (For then Love's Banquet pleases most,
 When Both contribute to the Treat)
 That on the other Hand, poor *Bill*,
 Decrepid, weaken'd and forlorn,
 Wanted the Pow'r, but had the Will,
 'Cause, like his Sire, at Sev'n Months born.
 'Tis strange then, that a Child shou'd spring
 From such Antipathies as those;
 Tho' oft the Maids at *China* bring
 A Child, by smelling to a Rose.
 No Offspring can from *N—ff—*'s Line,
 By any nat'ral Fragrance come;
 They first beneath a *Stench* did join,
 And *Garlick* fertiliz'd her *W—b*.



SARAH'S SUCKLINGS.

I.

WHEN Woman once survives the State,
 That speaks her Climacterick,
 Nothing can stop impending Fate,
 Not even *Q—n* or *G—k*.

II.

Then why shou'dst Thou, good-natur'd *Sall*,
 In the Decline of Life,
 Refuse the Stallions in the *M—ll*,
 Yet rave in Party Strife.

What

III.

What cou'd possess Thee to display
Thy Farts, to varnish Crimes;
Or write, like BURNETT in Decay,
The History of thy Times?

IV.

G——'s dead, and we have done
With Things of heretofore:
That M—rlb—h was a K——ve's been said,
And Sarah was a W——.

V.

For this good Mother J——ngs strove,
When first she made the Bed,
And sold for Interest and Love
Your venal Maidenhead.

VI.

C——ll to Court first P——th brought,
Who cuckolded the King;
But You, if not in Deed, in Thought
To Heaven all Mankind bring.

VII.

Who's Wealth like You, and has her Choice,
Sure never need despair;
For you with Twenty may rejoice,
Tho' Thousands feed on Air.

VIII.

Then why, when Youth and Beauty fails,
Shou'd You, in extreme Age,
When no one Appetite prevails,
In Feats of Love engage?

To

IX.

To *suck Mankind* has been your Aim

E'er since You first drew Breath ;

And now with *Womankind's* the same,

As You approach tow'rds Death.

X.

First Country 'Squires, then Dukes and Lords,

You by the Middle took ;

But Age more Knowledge now affords,

You've former Faults forsook,

XI.

You but just climb'd in Prime of Life,

And hardly reach'd the *Knee* ;

You gain'd the *Middle*, when a *Wife*,

Your *Hearse* the *Nipple* be.

XII.

For why, when You have tir'd *Man*,

Shou'd You kill *Females* too ?

Unless to plague e'm *Both's* your Plan,

And all the World undo.

XIII.

The Breed that's past you've seen brought low,

And sign'd their fatal Doom ;

Then poison all the Nurses now,

And spoil the Age to come.



The *Beautiful Bum*. To the Countess of
B———TH.

THE Fair, whom many Lovers court,
And who, unhurt, with them can sport,
When some Folks think her Features rude,
Shou'd rather daunt than be pursu'd, Must

Must have some secret Charm that draws
 Us all, as Whirlpools suck up Straws:
 For when the Face forbids Delight,
 The other Parts shou'd most invite;
 Whence oft we find that some most scarr'd,
 Who've badly in the Small-pox far'd,
 Have yet as many Charms below
 As those whose Faces Beauty show.
Greenwich, you must remember well,
 Where S—— J—— a rose, and you first sell;
 When Business he with Pleasure join'd,
 And on the Joys of Life refin'd:
 When you turn'd up a sacred Shrine
 That Hermits wou'd have thought divine;
 Nay, had the Father, who once chose
 A Wife compos'd of nought but Snows,
 Then seen that whiter Part of your's,
 He'd melted in spermatick Show'rs
 At what the Statesman so abus'd,
 That as a common Desk he us'd.
 Yet think not you all B——ms outshine,
 A——s there are as fair as thine.
 Young *Rufa*, whom the genial Heat
 Had warm'd to a Completion fit
 To entertain the God of Love,
 Mind'd who did not Vice reprove,
 Found that, at last it wou'd have Vent,
 And kindly follow'd Nature's Bent;
 But in her Infancy, Disease
 Had seam'd and wrinkled up her Face,
 That tho' with warmest Thoughts she glow'd,
 No Suitor yet his Flame avow'd.

Several

Several, in Complaisance, indeed,
 Wou'd from the Box the Damsel lead;
 Or, lest dull Constancy shou'd pall,
 Sometimes attend her in the *Mall*.
 'Twas in that lucky, pleasant Place,
 She mended her Defects of Face;
 For there, accosted by young *Smart*,
 She found a Way to gain his Heart.
 They hurried up the *Mall* and down,
 The *Mall*! where ev'ry Vice is known;
 Where Dames, just reeking from *Quadrille*,
 By *showing All*, display their Skill.
 A motly Mixture of Bag Wigs,
 Large Petticoats and taper Legs,
 Pale Faces, hid in Bonnets dy'd,
 And Capuchins, superfluous Pride!

Rufa, who varied all her Charms,
 Now shew'd her Neck, and now her Arms,
 Still found her senseless Mate esteem'd
 Nor this nor that, but walk'd and dream'd.
 At last, as cross the Board she tript,
 Her Foot she, for the Purpose, slipt;
 And, as she fell, did *That* discover,
 Which made the Swain her instant Lover:
 For *Venus* rising from the Sea
 (Tho' she came backwards, All agree)
 Such Beauties never cou'd display,
 As She turn'd up to Sight that Day.
 Pleas'd at the View—he rais'd the Fair,
 Excus'd her Blush, and did declare,
 That He determin'd was to wed
 With Charms like Her's that cou'd not fade.

' Thy

' Thy *Visage* may be tann'd, said He,
 ' But shou'd the Sun the *Other* see,
 ' We Mortals soon shou'd lose you here;
 ' You'd be remov'd to th' Hemisphere,
 ' And there shine forth a new-found Star,
 ' Whose *Influence* shou'd rule the Air.

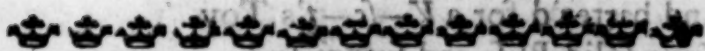


Lord *A—s F—tz R—y's* Address to
 Lady *Lucy W—rt—n*, soon after her
 Marriage with Sir *W—m M—ce*.

CONDEMN'D to meet a cold Embrace,
 Tho' grac'd with all her blooming Charms;
 See, the dear Girl those Charms disgrace,
 By giving them to sapless Arms.
 Canst Thou with Him such Transports meet,
 Unactive, spiritless and slow,
 As cause thy Lover's Heart to beat,
 Whose Views with warmest Torrents flow?
 Why wilt Thou, then, His Ardour shun?
 Or when he doth with Vigour press,
 Fearful you from his Presence run,
 And cease the eager Boy to bless.
 When, fondly suing for the Joy,
 Each Nerve with Extacy is strung;
 His pleasing Hopes then you destroy,
 And from the Height of Love he's hung.
 When Joy sits pregnant in your Eye,
 The smiling God's triumphant Seat,
 Your female Fears the Bliss deny,
 And damp your Own and Lover's Heat.

May

May you for this still feel the Flame,
 And sigh and languish out the Night;
 Never be pleas'd, but in a Dream,
 Until You do your Lover Right.



The FASTING CALENDAR. A TALE.
 Inscribed to the *Honourable Lady V*—.

WHEN Parents, Childrens' Wishes vary,
 And force 'em 'gainst their Wills to marry;
 Ill Luck such Matches must attend,
 And Mis'ry wait 'em in the End:
 For ne'er Ambition or Estate,
 Cou'd Love or true Esteem create:
 That gentle Flame owes all its Rise
 To Odours, not a Sacrifice.
 Spices shou'd on its Altars blaze,
 Kindled alone by heav'nly Rays:
 An Earth-born Flame its Rites pollutes,
 And none but vulgar Victims suits.
 Gold may the Muckworm's Soul delight,
 But Love alone can bless the Night;
 When unpair'd Hearts join venal Hands
 Love smiling mocks the feeble Bands;
 And even on the Nuptial Day
 The Bride nor glad some looks, nor gay;
 But at the Altar falling Tears
 Damp Hymen's Torch and scatter Cares
 From her forc'd Mase she turns her Eye,
 And weds in Soul her Lover bye:
 Ye Sages say—when such espouse,
 Can the just Gods confirm their Vows?

Ye fair Ones speak—dear Nymph speak you,
 Who now the fatal Minute rue,
 When first your weak ambitious Sire
 Taught you to Titles to aspire,
 And barter'd for a V—s—r's Toy
 Your solid Bliss and future Joy;
 A homely Tale the Muse relates,
 If there's a Semblance in your Fates;
 The Wise, whene'er her Sorrows rise,
 May teach you how to sympathize;
 And we an Invocation make
 That you may her Relief partake!

In *Tuscany*, as Stories tell,
 The following Accident befel;
Cipolla was a beauteous Maid,
 Where Nature ev'ry Charm display'd;
 As yet no Suitors she had seen,
 Or hardly had attain'd Fifteen,
 She sought the Church and flow'ry Meads,
 And Vi'lets cull'd, or told her Beads;
 Unknown, unwith'd were other Joys,
 Her sole Delight were Sport and Toys;

Her Father *Wise* would, a true Citiz'n,
 Now thought she for a Spouse grew fit;
 An only Child—and he had gain'd
 A large Estate, by Toil obtain'd;
 'Therefore, quoth He, shou'd'st thou be lost,
 'What will't avail my Wealth to boast?
 'Yet Wealth will purchase what I want,
 'A Husband that can Titles grant;
 'And such a One I've in my Eye,
 'My Neighbour *Dandin* here hard by;

He's

' He's a young Senator, but poor,
 ' He has the Honour, I the Store;
 ' Whether she loves or hates, no matter,
 ' We Fathers ne'er consult a Daughter;
 ' Fools only make with Love a Pother,
 ' I'm sure I never lov'd her Mother;
 ' And tho' in *Trade* I've spent my Life,
 ' 'Twill be some Easement to my Grief,
 ' That my dear pretty smiling Baby
 ' Will at Assemblies shine a Lady.

The Don at this Resolve reviv'd,
 Determining she shou'd be wiv'd;
 And so he onwards hobbled strait,
 And rang at spruce young *Dandin's Gate*,
 Who was what's call'd a *Statesman-Bean*,
 Was prying, silly, pert and low;
 And in Despite of all his Stars
 Wou'd meddle with the State Affairs;
 Whence he all Gallantry neglected,
 By *Ayes* and *No's* to be respected.

She bore a handsome graceful Port
 As any Dame that went to Court;
 Yet in Obscurity was rear'd,
 Tho' fit for Grandeur she appear'd;
 Nor did her Soul send forth a Flame
 Unequal to her beauteous Frame;
 For she despis'd the vulgar Herd,
 And Merit, soon as found, prefer'd;
 But scorn'd ignoble Fools in Lace,
 Tho' dignify'd with Stile and Place;
 Howe'er, old *Wifewou'd* laugh'd at that,
 Thinking He'd now got all Things pat:

So to the Fopling he address,
Himself in Manner suited best :

‘ Sir, quoth the old One, give me Leave

‘ To tell a Web I fain wou’d weave ;

‘ My Daughter is grown ripe of Age,

‘ And fain I wou’d a Spouse engage ;

‘ So knowing well that you want Coin,

‘ As she doth Honour, and to shine,

‘ I humbly thought thus to propole it,

‘ But wou’d speak more, Sir, in your Closet.’

He had run on, had not my Lord

Jump’d to consent at the first Word ;

‘ Sir, there is no Objection found,

‘ I hear she h’s *Thirty Thousand Pound*,

‘ What P—r wou’d not for half that Sum

‘ Sell this Life and the World to come ?

‘ So ’tis agreed, name but the Day,

‘ I’ll dress myself, and be r’t h’ way.

‘ Good Sir, I thank you, cries the Dad,

And takes his Leave with Joy half mad :

Flies to *Gipolla* in a Trice,

And tells her all, with this Advice,

That Prudence shou’d require Consent,

Whate’er her Inclinations meant ;

She rav’d and storm’d, her Hair she tore,

And ne’er such Anguish felt before ;

For tho’ no Youth she’d entertain’d,

Nor Love her Virgin Heart had stain’d,

Antipathy yet made her shun,

To be thus by a Fool undone ;

But stern Commands her Will o’erway’d,

And the poor foolish Nymph obey’d.

They

They went to Church, and when 'twas done
 The Wife retir'd to sigh alone;
 Sad Token of what Night won'd give,
 When eager Bridegrooms Bliss receive.
 Now think the Ceremony past,
 The Wedding Supper eat in Haste;
 Then you a Scene of Joys expect,
 And not Indiff'rence and Neglect.

See, blushing in the bridal Sheet,
 She fears, yet longs the Bliss to meet.
 Vain are thy Hopes, deluded Maid!
 Thy Lover's more than thee afraid;
 For knowing he can't face the Fight,
 He trembles at the coming Night:
 Howe'er, to make my Story short,
 The Bridemaids left 'em to their Sport;
 Small Sport for Her there cou'd remain,
 For Nature form'd that Night in vain.
 The Husband, e'er to Bed he went,
 Two Hours in Meditation spent,
 And then did wisely recollect,
 What 'twas that did his Soul affect:
 For from his Pouch, laid up with Care,
 He pull'd a musty Calendar;
 And looking o'er with great Surprise,
 Bless me, what do I see? he cries;
 This hateful Day, why did I chuse
 To jump into the Marriage Noose?
 This Day our Rubric doth maintain,
 I from *all Flesh* must needs refrain;
 Nor dare I taste of Love's Repast,
 For this is fix'd a solemn Fast.

His

His Spouse heard this with much Regret—
 Both sigh'd—turn'd Backs—and so they met :
 But yet she pass'd the Night away
 In Hopes of Joy the coming Day :
 'The coming Day no Pleasure brought,
 For all were Fasts the Year throughout.
 One odious Twelvemonth thus she liv'd,
 And ne'er the nuptial Dues receiv'd,
 Grew a pale sickly maiden Bride,
 And got Green Sickness by his Side.

At length the God of Love decreed,
 She from her Mis'ry shou'd be freed :
 Poor *Dandin* had a Country House,
 Where he wou'd often take his Spouse,
 And in a shady Walk of Trees,
 Lash'd by the Shore, air'd by its Breeze;
 He'd sometimes take a serious Walk
 ('Twas all he cou'd) and chat and talk ;
 There often leaving him alone,
 She, to the Waves wou'd vent her Moan,
 Till once a *Corfair*, that espied
 Her walking by the Beeches Side,
 Smit with her beauteous Form and Charms,
 Resolv'd to have her in his Arms.
 He, rough and hardy, scorn'd Constraint,
 His Love was manly and well-meant :
 All Ceremony he despis'd,
 'Twas eager Joy alone he priz'd ;
 And when he saw a beauteous Fair,
 He knew not Courtship or Despair :
 In fierce Assault the Prize he seiz'd
 (As *Semele* be-storm'd, was pleas'd)

With

With watry Eyes *Cipolla* stood;
 Adding her Tears unto the Flood,
 Nor saw the Danger that was near,
 Till thence two *Ruffians* did her rear,
 She shriek'd, but what cou'd Shrieks avail,
 For, she aboard, they strait hoist Sail:
Dandin beholds them with sad Eyes,
 And fills the Air with wretched Cries;
 But all in vain, they sail'd away,
 And to the Cabin her convey,
 Where stout *Rugero* (that's his Name,
 A Corsair of no little Fame)
 In Expectation, and great State,
 Enthron'd, did her Arrival wait.
 How diff'rent from the Marriage Night
 Were now the Joys that did invite.
 The Warrior Lover strait expresses
 Soft Blandishments, and warm Caresses
 Without Delay, at her Approach,
 Gently displays her on a Couch;
 She blushing at his eager Haste,
 Cries, dear Sir don't, this is a Fast
 (For one whole Year's such dull Tuition,
 Had brought her to a sad Condition,
 And made her follow *Dandin's* Rules—
 — A Husband's Bed's the worst of Schools!)
 But warm *Rugero*, full of Love,
 Cried, Fasts are nought to me, by *Jove*;
 No Priestly Cant shall stop my Bliss,
 Where I've a Banquet rich as this,
 He said; and, to his eager Breast,
 The panting *Virgin Wife* he prest:

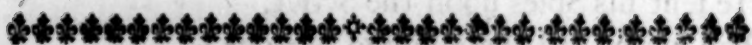
Both

Both rush'd, at once, with Ardour fir'd,
 In mutual Transport both expir'd.
 The Bliss repeated, cloy'd with Joy,
 They then began to talk and toy,
 When she, in Insolence of Pride,
 Tore a small Tablet from her Side;
 ' Begone, said she, thou silly Paper,
 ' My Plague, and a feint Husband's Vapour;
 ' I no more fasting Days will keep—
 Then wou'd have throw'n it in the Deep;
 But he prevented her to ask,
 ' What was the dreadful heavy Task
 ' Which was so hard impos'd upon her,
 ' And which she took so much Dishonour?'
 When he the Calendar espied,
 ' And is this all? the *Hero* cried:
 ' My Dear, since you have thus kept *Lent*,
 ' *Easter* shall give you full Content;
 ' And for the *Ember Days* you've lost,
 ' Your Feasts shall last to *Pentecost*;
 ' Nor shall end there, but with the Year,
 ' In ev'ry Circle Mirth appear,
 ' Till you shall own no Calendar,
 ' With mine in Holidays can share;
 ' As a Memorial be this kept,
 ' Of all the Days you've sigh'd and wept;
 ' And for the future mark a Round
 ' Of Joys, that ev'ry Hour abound.
 ' So well *Cipolla* lik'd the Change,
 She never thought or wish'd to range;
 But

But *Dandin* had no Joy in Life
 Without his youthful pretty Wife ;
 He sent his Spies upon the Scout,
 And at the last they found her out ;
 Then he a Ransom doth prepare
 To purchase back his charming Dear ;
 A Vessel hires, and seeks the Shore
 Whereto the lovely Prize was bore ;
Rugero found, his Spouse he fought,
 And offer'd all the Wealth he h'd brought ;
 For her Return he'd Thousands give,
 Since he without her cou'd not live :
 But she, a cunning Jade, when tried,
 Thus fly and craftily replied ;
 ' I neither can or will come back
 ' Till you can mend your Almanack ;
 ' But as I know th' Attempt is vain,
 ' I chuse in Plenty to remain ;
 ' For who, that has a rich Repast,
 ' Wou'd pray for *Lent*, or wish to fast ?
 The Captain hugg'd the lively Dame,
 And *Dandin* went from whence he came.

If then *L—d V*— this Scheme pursu'd,
 No one can say your Flight was rude :
 What Lady now that treads the *M—ll*,
 Tho' of first Blood among the *Q—ll*,
 Wou'd not a clever Rake prefer
 To the poor limber wedded *P—r* ?
 Cease, then, fair Nymphs of *Britain's Isle*,
 Thro' Pique each other to revile ;
 But kindly grasp the coming Joy,
 And each embrace some favourite Boy :

For what is Nature's greatest Bliss,
But the *prolific stoll'n* Kifs?



The BILBOQUETTE. To Lady M——y
G—lp—n.

AS *Celia* with her Catcher play'd,
Young *Damon* standing by,
With am'rous Looks the wanton Maid
Gave *Damon* it to try.
He tost the Ball the picqued Way,
But cou'd not stick it on.
Fumbler, cry'd She, I'll better play
With *Two*, than you can do with *One*.



The PLEASANT MISTAKE.

SOFT *Ovid* at a Sultry Noon reclin'd,
In tender Accents speaks *Corina* kind,
The willing Maid, all over Love and Charms,
Flew, with glad Rapture, to the Poet's Arms;
But *Licia* blest me, guiltless of the Joy,
And, by Mistake, ceas'd to be nice and coy,
The unsought Pleasure, by a swift Surprise,
Reveal'd her lavish Beauties to my Eyes,
And shew'd the beauteous Maid without Dis-
guise.

Long Time in Town, at ev'ry publick Place,
I'h'd urg'd the fair one with an am'rous Chace:
If to the Ball the lovely *Licia* went,
The Ball alone cou'd give me true Content;

The

The Op'ra tuneless was without her Aid,
 Nor Garrick charm'd in Absence of the Maid ;
Vauxhall, without her dull and tasteless grew,
 And *Ranelagh* was odious to my View:
 When I for Form the sacred Temple fought,
 She was the Deity inspir'd my Thought ;
 But still the Fair relentless quite appear'd,
 Nor saw my Fears, nor Protestations hear'd ;
 In Gaiety of Life, for Pleasure born,
 Laugh'd all my Passion and Address to scorn,
 'Till Chance afforded what Caprice deny'd,
 And laid the heedless *Virgin* by my Side,
 Resign'd her Charms, unknowing what she did,
 And most discover'd what she thought most hid.

To a fond Aunt, intrusted by her Sire,
 Did *Licia*, in the Summer Time, retire :
 The wanton Sun had lit up ev'ry Charm,
 And made her Heart grow melting, yielding warm.
 My Presence rais'd her swelling Bosom high,
 And smiling Love fate pregnant in her Eye ;
 Yet female-like, her angry Tongue deny'd
 What all her glowing Blushes cou'd not hide ;
 She blinded well her pious good old Aunt,
 But made her Sister a kind Confidant ;
 And thus 'twas manag'd, I invited down,
 Must safe escort the Ladies up to Town ;
 My Praises daily the old Lady heard,
 And kind Reception for their Guest prepar'd :
 The Hinges of the Chest, which held the Plate,
 Now first for ten Years past were heard to grate ;
 Napkins of their own Spinning, Bleach and Make,
 Did now, at the neat Board, their Places take.

The Store-Room was unlock'd, and on the Stand,
The fragrant Conserve spake the fair one's Hand;
Each Sweet-meat, Emblem of the Artist's Heart,
Sooth'd as it melted, softly kind, yet tart.

Whilst racy as the Cyder in the Bowl, [Soul.
Thro' harmless Lips, Words sparkled from the
Licia, the Pride and End of my Desires,

A bright Brunette, glow'd, full of am'rous
Celia, phlegmatick and averse to Love, [Fires.
Was slow to Passion, and more hard to move.

Yet faithful, envy'd not her Sister's Joys,
And oft would kindly smile at our fond Toys.

Oft pleaded for me when I was away,
And blam'd the other's Coyness and Delay.

' Speak, speak, said she, the Dictates of your
Heart,

' Why shou'd you give yourself and him such
Smart?

' If Love thus idly teaches to disguise,

' May I the empy Passion still despise.

Oft wou'd the dear Coquette reply, 'I've done,

' When once we wed, my Empire then is gone :

' Let me maintain my Power whilst I can,

' The Husband grows a *God*, who sued as Man,

' And we whom Love the brightest Angels made

' Dwindle to Mortals in the Nuptial Bed.

' A while, then, Liberty I will enjoy,

' Tho' soon, perhaps, that Liberty may cloy,

' And I may willingly embrace the Chain

' Which now my Pride makes me so much dis-
dain.'

Thus

Thus, after Dinner, Chat employ'd their Hours,
 'Till Ev'ning call'd us forth to verdant Bow'rs.
 O pleasing Interval! Sweet Pause of Blifs!
 My Soul shot forth at ev'ry sweet-snatch'd Kiss,
 At ev'ry Glance she gave, return'd, and wore
 A brighter Image than it had before;
 For Love, when Action doth its Strength exhaust,
 Revives by Smiles, tho' in a Frown 'tis lost.
 She struggled 'twixt Denial and Consent,
 Tho' ev'ry Glance told plainly what she meant.
 At length the Sun retires to *Thetis'* Arms,
 And streaks the Sky, tho' he no longer warms:
 So, ruddy *Licia* look'd at closing Night,
 And promis'd a fresh Morning of Delight.
 The Supper o'er, of rural Fruits compos'd
 (Such *Baucis'* Hut to wand'ring Gods disclos'd)
 A sturdy Lout, who serv'd for gen'ral Use,
 And any Office in the House cou'd chuse,
 Was bade to shew my Room (for much the
 Tho' Hospitality was all her Aim, [Dame,
 Lov'd honest *John* shou'd wait on each *Male*
 Guest,

And *Nan* she thought wou'd suit the *Female* best)
 Thanks to this blund'ring Caution! for to this
 I owe my springing Joy, my present Blifs.

Cries the good Lady, 'Sir, perhaps, your
 Pride

' May tire you, and 'tis now grown late beside;
 ' Your Chamber's ready, and the Man attends,
 ' Whene'er to Rest your Inclination bends.'

I took my Leave, officious *John* prepar'd
 To light me up, and soon the Taper rear'd:

But

But Gratitude, as we the Stairs ascend,
Taught me to please my good old Friend.
' 'Tis late, says I, and I must soon be up,
' Or, *John*, we wou'd have ta'en a parting Cup.
' But here,—to drink my Health when I am
gone,
' Give me thy Hand, and take this *Queen Anne's*
Crown.'

The dazzling Medal so obscur'd his Sight,
That the dear Fool mistook the wrong for right:
For where the good old Lady had design'd
I in the Damask Bed shou'd lie reclin'd,
He to a homelier, but a happier Couch,
Unknowingly secur'd my safe Approach;
For *Licia's* Room lay nearest, where the Maid
Her secret Gambols with her Sister play'd.
Here, by a happy Error I was led
Triumphant to the chaste and Virgin-bed;
The Dressing-glass and Female Lumber spoke
How pleasantly the Blockhead had mistook.
I lost no Time, but to the Pillow leapt,
Imprinting Kisses where the fair One slept.
He yawn'd and stretch'd, then bow'd and took
his Leave,

Me respite from the Labours of the Day to give;
But e'er he had got down, poor *Celia* storm'd
At what the Fool so bunglingly perform'd;
For we with Romping, tir'd and weary grew,
And being ill, most happily withdrew;
But out of Complaisance she thought it best
To hold her Tongue, and not disturb her Guest;
So

So prudently retir'd to t'other Room,
 And left me thoughtless of the Joy to come;
 Yet cou'd my weary Eyes no Comfort take,
 But fancied Transports kept 'em still awake,
 Till *Licia*, whose warm Veins with Ardour
 glow'd,

Stay'd to perform the Duties *Celia* shou'd:
 And when she had compos'd the Household quite,
 Repair'd herself to Rest, yet gay and light,
 Eager she ran with more than common Haste,
 Nor knew the happy Blunder that had past.
 Odours and Joy diffus'd around the Room,
 And spread their Fragrance soon as she did come.
 ' What! drowsy Sister, cry'd the mad-cap Maid,
 ' Already motionless, asleep and dead!
 ' I'd have you get in love, to keep awake,
 ' For plaguy *Florio* I no Rest can take. [Strife,
 ' Well! pray sleep on,—you know not am'rous
 ' I'll be reveng'd, I swear, when I'm a Wife.'

The Fair her yielding Bosom then unbrac'd,
 Display'd her Breasts, her taper Waist unlac'd;
 And as she threw her Female Airs aside,
 Her Fondness shew'd, and quite forgot her Pride,
 'Till all her Trim flung off, confess'd she stood,
 More than a *Venus* rising from the Flood.

What Words can speak the Flutt'ring of my
 Heart,

How ev'ry Nerve with Extacy did start,
 When her uplifted Leg a Scene display'd,
 That raptur'd me, and usher'd her to Bed.
 The Light was then my Foe, but that put out
 Discover'd soon what Wonders Chance had
 wrought. She

She Skrickt, but Joy and smoth'ring Kisses stopt
Further Surprize, and gave me all I hop't.

Ovid but poorly with'd each Noon might bring
An Image, feint, to the great Joys I sing.
Let me in Doubt thus toy out the dull Day,
But let the Night's Surprize the Pain o'erpay.



LOVE and DEVOTION. To Miss *Sc—m—re*.

A Nymph of Quality and Charms,
Whom Peers of ev'ry Rank ador'd,
As yet ne'er felt Love's soft Alarms,
Nor any Pow'r, but Heav'n ador'd,
'Till one of antient Fam'ly came,
And in the proper Form address'd,
He shew'd his Title, told his Flame,
And for her Purse and Person press'd.
His Visit he each Day repeats,
And often stays too late o'Nights,
Yet she her Duty ne'er forgets,
But joins her Mother in Church-Rites.
One Morn as she went up to Pray'rs,
Tom naked lay in all his Grace;
The Maid, tho' full of godly Care,
Yet inward sigh'd for the Embrace.
Then to the Closet straight she flew,
And fell directly on her Knees,
But, oh! in vain, 'twas still in View,
And caus'd a Tickling worse than Fleas.

She

She scratch'd, she riggl'd, and she pray'd,
Strove ev'ry Way to give it Vent;
Her heaving Breasts her With display'd,
And at the last *Amen*, she ****.



Ill News after Marriage. To Miss *E—ds*.

An O D E.

I.
WHEN good Miss *Teddy* first was told
That poor *L—d Nan* was married,
It made her very Blood run cold,
Nay, some thought she'd miscarried.

II.
She flung about the House like mad,
And made such a strange Pother,
They swore that she was drunk, or had
Just seen her drunken Mother.

III.
But, faith! 'twas no such mighty Thing
That put her in a Passion,
Or did her to Repentance bring,
A Thing quite out of Fashion.

IV.
Not *Charles's* Court, of old, said she,
Than *G—'s* more abounded,
With Lust and flaming Letchery;
By Rakes we're all surrounded.

F

And

V.

And shall a Girl, who loves the Sport,
Be starv'd in so much Plenty?
If we lose *One*, we'll triumph for't,
And be carels'd by *Twenty*.

VI.

For who that in the Orchard walks,
And sees the Apples bobbing,
Can keep her Fingers from the Stalks;
However Prudes are blabbing?

VII.

The Cherry ripe salutes the Eyes,
But is much better handled;
The Juice our ruby Lips supplies,
When 'twixt our Fingers dandled.

VIII.

Let me around the Fruit-Trees rove,
And taste all various Dainties;
The foolish Nymph may frown at Love,
Who a poor feeble Saint is.

IX.

Then know, fond Girl, to strike you dumb,
And shew what you're possessing,
I, like a Bird, first pick'd the Plumb,
And left you half a Blessing.

X.

But Queen of my own fertile Lands,
I range and rove at Pleasure,
Pluck here and there, and oft change Hands,
As I survey my Treasure.

But

XI.

But if, by Chance, a rotten Pear
 I shake from off my Tree,
 If seiz'd by Vermin, need I care ;
 The *fresh*est Fruit serves me.

XII.

So I have heard in *Xanthos'* Isle,
 Currants for Hogs intended ;
 Make rustic *English* Damsels smile,
 When in a Pudding blended.



Verſes by Mrs. M. E——ds, occaſion'd by
 a Lampoon on L--d A—H—'s Marriage.

I'LL dance and quaff, and laugh, and ſing,
 And fuddled be as any King.
 Who is ſo happy now, as I ?
 Enjoying dear Variety.
 There's many a true Word ſpoke in jeſt ;
 D'ye think I like the Coachman beſt ?
 Hang it, I'm yet a Cup too low ;
 Wine,—cauſe my Verſe more lofty flow.
 'Tis done.—Sweet Groves and flow'ry Meads,
 To *Grub-ftreet*—in my Thought ſucceeds.
 Lovely the Beauties I remark,
 Which various reign in *Greenwich* Park ;
 My roving Fancy to amuſe,
 Within the Shades I'd rather chuſe,

Than trusting to precarious Chance,
 Indulge with the Baboons of *France*.
 How happy there wou'd be my Lot!
 (Entirely by the World forgot)
 Free, unmolested, to ramble o'er,
 The various Fate this Heart has bore,
 Hoping no other to explore.
 Such are the Thoughts I present borrow;
 Who knows what they may be To-morrow.



The Benefit of a vulgar Education.

Address'd to Miss *W—l—n*, the Bailiff's Daughter.

I.

DEAR Charmer! born to captivate,
 You aid your Father in his Art;
 He seizes Body and Estate,
 And you are sure to seize the Heart.

II.

Berwixt ye both, what Havock's made?
 What Execution ye must do?
 T'arrest the Vulgar is his Trade;
 The Nobles All belong to you.

III.

Else *W—m*, sure, had had more Grace
 Than to run headlong to a Snare,
 Which had before caught all *Duke's Place*,
 A Slattern, Jilt and Play'r.

But

IV.

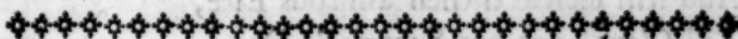
But Souls congenial ofttimes meet,
 Tho' Grandeur Nuptial Rites deny;
 So these two happy Lovers greet
 The Pleasures that all wise ones fly.

V.

For much D—ke *W—m* Bawdry loves,
 Which she is mighty glad to speak:
 A smutty Blunder often moves,
 When she grows *dull* and he grows *weak*.

VI.

The M—ds of H——r boast no more
 Politer Arts of C—r and School,
 Sufficient for a R—l W—e,
 May be a Slut, a Scold, and Fool.



The CANDLE. Inscribed to the Chief of
 the Club of *Girdlers*.

CURS'D be the Wretches that invert
 Nature, and the fair Sex desert,
 Who change the greatest Bliss on Earth
 To which we owe our Joy and Birth,
 To that which wiser Beasts refuse,
 And which did *Sodom's* City lose.

Nor less the Fair who shun the Bliss
 Th' envigour'd manly bearded Kiss,
 And deaden all their youthful Charms,
 Wasting their Juice in female Arms;
 If Fate ordains such Beasts should wed,
 May each their Likeness meet in Bed,

That

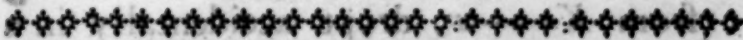
That no deserving Nymph or Swain
 May or be su'd or sue in vain,
 Unless some tender Beauty caught,
 And by her own base Sex made naught,
 Unwillingly doth Joys pursue
 Which Nature never prompted to,
 Grows but by Chamber Practice coy,
 When she wou'd grasp some youthful Boy;
 May she no more be plagu'd and riez'd,
 But, like the Girl we paint, be eas'd.

Two beauteous Girls, about Fifteen,
 Who ne'er had Nature's Image seen,
 Contriv'd a Way to give Delight,
 And us'd the Candle ev'ry Night;
 The feeble Tool but rais'd Desire,
 And still increas'd their am'rous Fire,
 Till *Clara*, one hot Summer's Day,
 Half naked in the Grotto lay
 Sleeping upon a mossy Bed,
 Her lovely Limbs quite open spread;
 Her round, white, panting, downy Breast
 Now swell'd to Joy, now sunk to Rest,
 And Dreams in Murmers wou'd repeat
 What, waking, she ne'er thought of yet.

By Chance that Way the Chaplain stray'd,
 Prepar'd to study in the Shade;
 Oh how he gaz'd to see the Fair,
 Nor thought to find his *Heaven* there.
 His Eyes with eager Transport trace
 The various Beauties of her Face,
 Her Neck, her Breasts, and ev'ry Place,
 Whilst thro' the thin, transparent Lawn
 He view'd her B——y shaded brown:

As

As he stood fix'd, a gentle Gale
 Of Zephyrs blew aside the Veil;
 He saw the Thistle's Down, the Peach,
 The Rosebud opening to his Reach,
 The gaping Plumb distilling Dew,
 And the Pomegranet's ruby Hue;
 He saw—but what! Words cannot say,
 Nor Thought the Images convey.
 Eager the sleeping Maid he prest,
 In wanton Transports, to his Breast.
 Waking, she clasp'd him, not afraid,
 Thinking she with her Sister play'd,
 And with a Loose receiv'd each Charge,
 Crying, the *Candle* is too large!
 Dear Sister! don't—it hurts me much—
 O Ged! that was a desp'rate Touch!—
 What Extacy!—O Heav'ns!—what Blifs!—
 I never felt such Joy as this—
 Dear Sister pluck it out, or else—
 O lud! 'tis done—THE CANDLE MELTS.

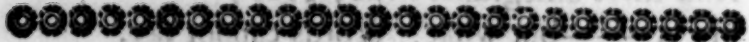


An EPITAPH on Colonel B—C— who de-
 parted this Life in a *Salvation*.

Hei mihi quod Amor nullis est medicabilis Herbis.

WITHIN the Confines of this narrow Grave,
 Ah! gentle Reader, lies a Soldier brave;
 None e'er, like him, engag'd in *bottest* Wars,
 And none cou'd shew more *signalizing* Scars,
 But *Venus* o'er his Valour wou'd preside,
 And all his Courage from *Bellona* hide. With

With diff'rent Colours, for Distinction too,
 She deck'd his *Standard*, not with *red* or *blue*,
 But those which from fond Duels oft ensue :
 For from the Sea arose fair Beauty's Queen,
 And so our Hero chose a *yellow Green*.



AN EPIGRAM.

AS *Charlotte* thro' the Window leant,
 Young *W——m* glad to see her bent,
 Seizes, *behind*, the Virgin Store,
 Which she had long deny'd *before* :
 Pho ! says her *Dad*, when she complain'd,
 Your Honour is by no Means stain'd ;
 You cannot help ; so, hold your Clack,
 What's *done* or *said* behind your Back.



Wrote EXTEMPORE with a Pencil coming
 from *K——w*, dropt accidentally in a
 Coffee House by *C—— H——*, Esq ;

TO rush with Vigour to the Seat of Joy,
 Our Skill we use, and ev'ry Art employ ;
Jove cou'd no more than put three Nights in one,
 Which some think often has by Drugs been done :
 For Me, twelve Times in four Hours Nature fought,
 For all was Love in Body, Soul and Thought ;
 Dull vulgar Passions in one Centre join,
 The *Place conceal'd* their Deity and Shrine ;

With

With us, Eyes, Mouth, and ev'ry Vein ran o'er,
And mutual Joy emitted at each Pore.

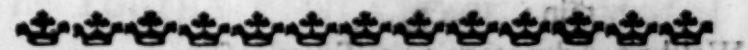


FRIENDLY ADVICE.
I.

IDLY *Jack* you waste your Treasure,
Smit with Glances of an Eye,
Fondly suing for your Pleasure,
In Address can Transport lie?

Singing, Sighing,
Panting, Dying,
Woman's Wiles with Horror fly.
II.

When *Phyllis* frowns ne'er be uneasy,
Seek your Joy from *Cloe's* Smile;
If *Cloe's* false, let *Delia* please ye,
Various Passions Love beguile.
Frowns are killing,
Smiles are healing,
Chear the Kind, the Cross revile.



Wrote in a *Window* soon after the late *Re-*
volution in the *Ministry*.

A Nobleman of late a Damsel took,
She flew as she was wont to *B—lingb—ke*;
He stood prepar'd, and ready for th' Attack,
She fell, as Nature taught her, on her Back;
G But

But he strait whisper'd the mistaken Lais ;
All Things go backwards, so pray turn your *A—se*.



AN EPITAPH for an *old* LADY that very
civilly procured for her OWN DAUGHTER.

THREE Furies *H—ll* before had, now one more
Is added, and old *S—ll* makes *Four*.

On the DAUGHTER, on her being new drest
for the SPORT.

Peacocks and W—es are surey near allied,
Since both their Tails serve to support their Pride.



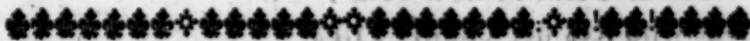
Lord *L—* to Colonel *G—*, with an Ap-
pointment to meet two young Ladies at
Hoxton.

IN Love, like War, if sure Success we'd gain,
With bold Attacks the Siege we shou'd main-
tain :

We'll no Advantage to a Truce resign ;
For pow'rful Force must make the fair One thine.
She who for Love will *parley* in the *Field*,
In *Private* will at *your Discretion* yield :
But bashful Heroes, who his Banner claim,
Like *Hyde-Park* Soldiers, never fight for Fame ;
And the coy Nymph, when foil'd by their Re-
treats,

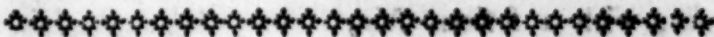
Scorns their dejected Love, and bragg'd of Feats ;
But

But Warmth, impatient, our Battalions fire,
 And ev'ry Piece shall give its proper Fire;
 And with two Nymphs, like *Marlborough*, to
 Night,
 Tho' not at *Hocstet*, we'll at *Hoxton* fight.



To a LADY, who said, *It was impossible to
 find true poetical Energy express'd in four
 Lines.*

CONqu'rors and Kings submit to Beauty's Shrine,
Venus the only Goddess is divine;
 Nor *Jove* above, nor G—— who rules this Land,
 The Force of these Initials can withstand.



LOVE. In FOUR SAPPIC ODES.

O D E. I.

The YOUTH'S FIRST CHOICE. Address'd
 to VENUS.

GODDESS of the fickle Sex,
 From th' inconstant Ocean sprung,
 Prompt th' am'rous Heart to vex;
 Thine I consecrate my Song!
 Vagrant I have rov'd about,
 Travell'd all the mazy Round,
 All compying that I sought,
 Conquer'd, yet without a Wound.

Chloe's Eyes dart lucid Fire,
Sappho's Cheeks are lovely red ;
Molly's Wit must all inspire,
Foolish Betty's best i'bed.
 Who denies but *Sally's Lips*
 Rival Coral in their Hue ;
 But who sees her clumsy Hips
 Must prefer neat taper *Sue*.
Crooked Agnes is divine,
 When she's dress'd with Care and Cost ;
 Whilst thro' Dirt *Ann's* Beauties shine,
 And, when naked, please us most.
Rachael's Breasts swell to the Touch,
 But her Face gives present Death ;
Patty's Features charm us much,
 Yet we are stifled with her Breath.
Lydia, with a serious Air,
 Rails, and vows to lye alone,
 Yet has a Bastard ev'ry Year ;
 Tho' frolick *Marian* yields to none.
 Thus whilst all their Charms I love,
 I their Imperfections shun ;
 But that I no more might rove,
Venus join'd their Charms in one.
 Every single Grace she chose ;
 And with genial Transport warm'd ;
 Strait the beauteous Fair arose ;
 For none but *Venus Fanny* form'd.
 While she lavish'd all her Art
 On her Form and on her Mind,
 She forgot to mould her Heart,
 Left it cruel, and unkind :
 Let,

Let me, Goddess! charm her Eyes,
Venus! make her only mine;
 Let me taste her glowing Sighs,
 On her panting Breasts recline;
 See me then thy Victim fall,
 On that Shrine of soft Delight,
 I'll in Rapture, Rapture all,
 Breathe away my Soul each Night.



ODE II.

The INTERVIEW.

LOVE commanding I obey'd,
 All his Power strait confest,
 As the Sun darts thro' the Glade,
 Love-beams pierc'd my willing Breast.
Reason, like the Vi'let gay,
 Sweets in shady Coolness spread;
 But like Mists, in infant Day,
 At my rising Passion fled.
 Gently thrill'd with warm Desire,
 Softly stealing thro' each Part;
 In my Veins ran melting Fire,
 From its Magazine, the Heart
 (Fair Retreat) a Jess'mine Grove,
 Fragrant Myrtles springing round;
 There I wander'd full of Love,
 Lull'd me with the Flute's soft Sound,
 Hinds at Rest, their Labour done,
 Bleating Flocks pent in the Fold;
 To the Ocean sunk the Sun;
 Fring'd his azure Vest with Gold,

Calm, serene, the rustling Wind,
 Trembl'd gently thro' the Trees,
 By the spicy Plants refin'd,
 Wafted Odours in each Breeze.
Fanny, thro' the Grove advanc'd,
 Sprightly, gay, with blooming Grace,
 From her Eyes the Light'ning glanc'd,
 Pleasure dimpled all her Face;
 Wanton *Zephyrs* loosely play'd;
 Careless flow'd her curling Hair,
 Choicest Flowers on her Head,
 And her rising Bosom bare.
 Thro' a blushing Crimson Vest,
 Ev'ry Limb transparent shone,
 While around her slender Waist,
 Lightly hung an azure Zone;
 On a flow'ry Bed we lay;
 O, too fast the Moments flew!
 Melting all my Soul away:
 Lost in Rapture at each View;
 Dying with Excess of Joy,
 All my Pleasure turn'd to Pain,
 Soon I breath'd my last sad Sigh,
 ——— *Fanny* smil'd; I liv'd again:
 To my Heart I prest her Hand,
 And the Flutt'rer ceas'd to move,
 Every Nerve own'd her Command;
 All was *Extacy* and *Love*.

O D E III.

The FIRST KISS.

COME, ye Flutt'ers of the Grove,
 Warble in my Fanny's Ear,
 Music but increases Love;
 Harmony was made for her:
 See! around her how they throng,
 Pleas'd to view her all, like me,
 Fond to charm her with a Song,
 Joyous hop from Tree to Tree.
 Am'rous toying Love supplies,
 And at every gentle Pause,
 Softer Language of the Eyes,
 Silent kind Confession draws,
 Fearful! yet I durst but gaze,
 Tho' I hop'd more perfect Bliss,
 Oft my trembling Lips I'd raise,
 Faintly motion out a Kiss.
 Pensive shall I downward bend,
 Cannot Passion make me bold;
 Yet the eager Boughs descend,
 And her Iv'ry Neck enfold:
 Round her wanton Zephyrs stray,
 And her Sweets at Pleasure taste:
 On her balmy Lips they play,
 Steal their Odours from her Breast:
 Bolder grown, my circling Arms
 Gently round her Waist I throw:
 Panting, she my Bosom warms,
 Softly pressing her, I glow:

Tender Transports, am'rous Games,
 Secret Wishes point her Eyes.
 I, embolden'd by their Beams,
 Snatch the unexpected Prize.
 Strait it thrill'd me to the Soul,
 Trembling she my Transport bore,
 Feintly blushing, while I stole
 Thousand and a Thousand more:
 Then for greater Bliss I sue,
 Set the Maid a harder Task,
 That the Charm may e'er be new,
 One kind Kiss from her I ask.
 Fear her Eyes oft turns away,
 Oft thro' Love to me incline;
 Love at last obtains the Day,
 Joins her trembling Lips to mine.
 Pleas'd my Fair-one was to know
 Then, what Pleasure she could give,
 Freely owing to bestow,
 Greater Bliss than to receive.



ODE IV.

ENJOYMENT.

CIRCLING Joys each Moment bless'd,
 E'ery Hour brought Transports on;
 Hence! I cry'd, (of her possess'd,)
 Pain and anxious Care begon.
 Ever pleasing to my Mind,
 Soft her dear Idea rose
 Daily, like some Genius kind,
 Nightly Goddess of Repose.

'Twas

Twas a calm and gentle Night;
 When I slumb'ring on my Couch
 In a gleam of spreading Light

Saw the *God of Love* approach :
 Rise, he cry'd, Ah ! Happy Youth ;

Fanny has her Flame confest,
 To reward thy Love and Truth,

Know, this Morn she'll make thee blest :
 Pleasing Vision ! Lovely Boy I

Strait my downy Couch I left,
 Mad with Extacy of Joy,

And of Reason quite bereft ;
 To the happy Grove I flew,

Where I first beheld the Fair :
 Gods ! How blissful was the View,

When I found my Charmer there ;
 Rising from the crystal Wave,

Softly Murm'ring to it's Shore,
 As it begg'd the Nymph would lave

In its purling Stream once more.
 On a Carpet see her laid,

Form'd of Jess'mine and the Rose ;
 While her Veil but loosely spread,

Every Beauty did disclose ;
 In her Eyes a languid Flame,

Warmer Blushes on her Cheek ;
 Thrice she whisper'd *Strephon's* Name,

Thrice she sigh'd and aim'd to speak ,
 I the happy Moment caught,

Love dispell'd my ev'ry Fear
 And reply'd as swift as Thought,

See, my Life, thy *Strephon's* here.

Conscious Blushes spread her Face,
 Soft she whisper'd "What aye do I see?"
 "Shield me Heaven from Disgrace,
 "Strephon, if you love me go."
 Tender struggles rais'd the Fire,
 Close I prest her to my Breast
 Till a Victim to Desire,
 Panting Sighs her Wills confess,
 Oh! The Pleasure is too great,
 Thro' each straining Nerve it thrills,
 In ev'ry Art'ry finds a Sear,
 And from ev'ry Pore distills
 Thus the last dear Bliss attain'd,
 Passion can no higher move:
 Nature here our Power restrain'd,
 The Heav'n and the End of Love.

Rising from the crystal Wave,
 Gently murmuring to its Shore,
 As though the Nymph would have
 In its soothing Stream repose
 On a Carpet her laid,
 Form'd of Jell'mine and the Rose,
 While her Veil but loosely spread,
 -Bevy Bevy did disclose:
 In her yet a languid Smile,
 Warm'd by the sun's bright Ray,
 Thrice the light of Love she look'd,
 I the happy Moment saw
 Love did fill'd my ev'ry Vein,
 And reply'd as sweet as I thought,
 See my Life, thy Sweetest have.

